A Peacemaker

By EDNA JENKINS

"How long are you going to hang around Laura Troop, Charlie, before you get her?"

"I fear I'll never get her."

"It would serve you right if you didn't."

"Why do you say that?"

"You're no adept at the game of love."

"What do you mean by the game of love?"

"There is a game of love the same as a game of war or politics. There is a game in everything."

"Teach me the game of love."

"I'd rather play one for you, putting my hand on yours and moving the pieces for you, only you would have to promise to make no move independently."

Charlie Warren thought deeply on what had been said to him by his friend Hereford. He sometimes suspected that Miss Troop was amusing herself with him, but what the result would be he had not even an opinion. Hereford, on the contrary, had observed the girl in Warren's company and knew by instinct that she wouldn't lose her lover for the world. Very fond of Warren and knowing that he was made really miserable by Miss Troop, he had a desire to revenge his friend and bring him in a winner at the same time.

"Very well," said Warren. "Play the game for me with Laura."

"Not unless you promise to obey every instruction I give you."

"I consent," replied Warren haltingly.

"Then I will make the first move. Remember, you are to do exactly what I say."

"What am I to do first?"

"The next time you meet Laura cut her dead."

"For heaven's sake, what's that for?"

"To break the present deadlock."

"Then what?"

"I don't know. I shall be guided by what our opponent does."

Notwithstanding Charlie's promise it was some time before he could make up his mind to obey. However, he consented at last, and the next morning he did the deed bravely. He was used to passing Miss Troop's house on his way to business, and she often contrived to be where her lover could see her. One day she would smile at him, the next scowl at him. When he passed without looking up at her a scowl she had put on faded into a look of astonishment.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed, following him with her eyes till he had turned a corner. "What in the world does it mean? I wonder if any one has been saying anything mean about me. I can't remember having treated him any worse than usual. What has he got hold of, I wonder? How mean of him not to come up like a man and tell me to my face what's the matter. I suppose he thinks I'll knuckle down to him. Not I. I'll pay him in his own coin."

The next evening Charlie Warren rushed wildly into Hereford's room.

"It's all up with me!" he cried.

"What's up?"

"I cut Laura yesterday. By the mail today I received a note from her saying that, having been so unmanly and ungentlemanly as to pass her without speaking to her, she wished to inform me that she had no further desire for my acquaintance. Great Scott! What shall I do?"

"Cut her again. This time if you get an opportunity turn your back square upon her."

"I shall go at once and explain, begging her forgiveness."

"No you won't. You've promised to be guided by me."

Hereford found his friend unmanageable. The best he could do with him was to gain his consent that he (Hereford) should see Miss Troop and play the rest of the game directly. Warren could not wait, so, leaving him, Hereford sallied off to beard the lioness in her den. Within half an hour the messenger returned.

"Well?" asked the lover anxiously.

"I found her in."

"What did you say?"

"I told her that you had sent me to tell her that you had lost all respect for her."

"Oh, my good gracious! You've done me up. What did she say?"

"She asked why you had not the manliness to come with the message yourself. I replied that you wished never to see her again."

"Don't tell me any more or I shall kill you."

"All right; I think I'll have a smoke." He filled his pipe and lit it.

"I mean I'll kill you if you don't tell me the rest at once."

"Oh, I can't remember it all."

"Tell me what you remember."

"I told her that I had found you the other day disgruntled with her treatment of you; that I had endeavored to persuade you to be patient with her, but had failed; you had become thoroughly embittered against her. She believed the yarn and admitted that she had teased you a little bit. If I could secure your forgiveness she would never do so any more."

Warren gave a jump for his friend and threw his arms about his neck.

Married women do not usually favor their husbands' intimate men friends. Mrs. Troop is an exception. She dotes on Hereford, thinking that he brought about a peace between her and the man she loves. Troop has had the good sense to keep the secret.

STATE LOTTERIES.

Rise and Fall of a Tremendous Gamble In England.

STARTED UNDER QUEEN BESS

The First One Was "Without Any Blancks, Contayning Good Prices as Wel of Redy Money as of Plate and Certaine Sorts of Marchaundizes."

Though it is certain that the custom of holding lotteries was practiced in European countries as far back as the middle of the fifteenth century, it seems that this particular idea was unknown in England until more than 100 years later. The lottery, in fact, appears to have been included among those many other important things, both good and bad, that were introduced to public notice during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it being her majesty's express command that this ready means for "raising the wind" on behalf of the state finances was adopted.

The first English lottery must have taken a good deal of arranging, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the people of that day required a certain amount of education in this form of gambling, for although the idea was first brought forward in the year 1556 (in Mary's reign), the actual drawing did not take place until three years later.

One of the original bills of Queen Elizabeth's lottery has fortunately been preserved, printed in black letter and measuring five feet in length and one and one-half feet wide. It begins by announcing "A very rich Lotterie Generall, without any blancks, contayning a number of good prices (sic), as wel of redy money as of plate and certaine sorts of marchaundizes, having ben valued and priced by the commaundement of the Queene's most excellent majestie, by men expert and skilful," and goes on to say that "the same lotterie is erected by her majesties order to the intent that such commoditie as may chaunce to arise thereof, after the charges borne, may be converted towardes the reparation of the havens and strength of the Realme and toward such other publique good workes." There were something like 30,000 prizes in this gigantic venture, of which the first was of the value of £5,000, while the entrance fee was only "two shillings and six pens."

James I. lent his "speciall favoure" to a lottery whose object was "the present plantation of English colonies in Virginia," the prizes consisting of £5,000 in money, "besides rewardes of casualitie," the tickets being drawn "in a new built house at the west end of Paul's the 29th of June, 1612." This lottery does not, however, appear to have been very popular, although we are assured by the historian that it was "plainely carried and honestly performed," for owing to the want of "filling uppe the number of lots there were taken out and throwne away threescore thousand blanckes without abating any one prize," certainly a very generous proceeding on the part of the promoters. The lucky man on this occasion was Thomas Sharpliffe, "a Taylor of London," who won the first prize of "foure thousand Crownes in fayre plate, which was sent to his house in a very stately manner." Though to some extent poorly patronized, this lottery appears to have evoked a good deal of interest among the important personages of the day, for we are told that "during the whole tyme of the drawing there were alwaies present diuers worshipfull Knights and Esquires, accompanied with sundry graue discreet Citizens."

As time went on lotteries for every conceivable purpose were held in London and other important towns, with the inevitable result that trouble constantly arose between the promoters and those of the ticket holders who happened to be unlucky or thought they had been unfairly treated, as no doubt many of them were. We find, therefore, that periodical orders were issued for the suppression of this form of gambling, though the law does not seem to have had any great effect. At last, however, any one proposing to hold a lottery was obliged to send in a petition to the king, and in Charles II.'s reign we find mention of several such applications. One of these was for "the ransom of English slaves in Tunis, Algiers or the Turkish galleys or for any other charitable use," the promoter making it a bargain that after he had paid in a third of the profits he should reserve the rest for his own expenses and "the repair of his fortunes, ruined by loyalty."

Lottery offices for the sale of tickets were established all over the country as time went on, but none was more famous than the agency of one Bish, who flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth century. This enterprising individual, whose chief offices were in Cornhill and at Charing Cross, must have made a considerable fortune out of the much safer business of selling tickets than taking them. But his prosperous career, as also that of his fellows, came to an abrupt end when the lottery act was passed in 1823, by which it was provided that after the drawing of the state lottery for that year there were to be no more of them.—London Globe.

Pa's Weakness.

Little Nell—You've got a good papa, Willie. Willie—Pa ain't so bad, but I wish he wasn't so much in love with mamma. Why, he believes everything she says about me."

A word spoken, an army of chariots cannot overtake it.